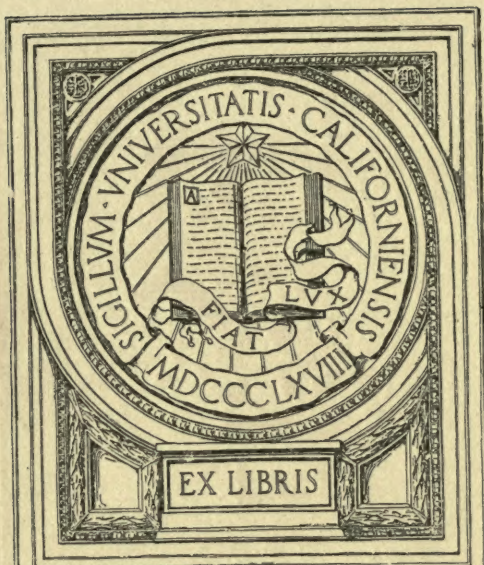


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The Taming of a Shrew

Date of Entry on Stationers' Register . May 2, 1594

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Taming of a Shrew

[1596]

THE
TUDOR
FACSIMILE
TEXTS

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THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

Div. of
CALIFORNIA

The Taming of a Shrew.

[1596]

The only copy known of the earliest (1594) edition of this play is in private hands: the owner refuses permission to reproduce.

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The "extra" title-page given herein is from the facsimile issued in 1876 by Mr. Ashbee and which is now as scarce as are copies of the original.

The present facsimile is described as "exceedingly well done."

JOHN S. FARMER.



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A
Pleasant Conceited

Historie, called The taming
of a Shrew.

As it was fundry times acted by the
Right honorable the Earle of
Pembrook his seruants.



Printed at London by Peter Shortand
are to be sold by Cutbert Burbie, at his
shop at the Royall Exchange.

1594.

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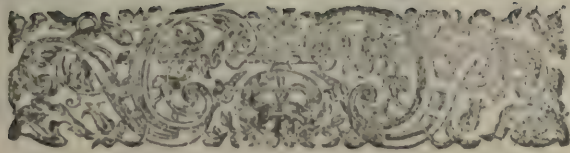


Imprinted at London by P. S. and are to
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A Pleasant conceited Historie, called
The Taming of a Shrew.

Enter a Tapster, beating out of his doores
Slie Dronken.

Tapster:

You whorson droonken slaue, you had best be gone,
And empty your droonken panch some where else
For in this house thou shalt not rest to night.

Exit Tapster.

Slie. Tilly vally, by crisee Tapster Ile fese you anon.
Fils the tother pot and alls paid for, looke you
I doo drinke it of mine owne Instigation, *Omne bene.*
Heere Ile lie a while, why Tapster I say,
Fils a fresh cushen heere,
Heigh ho, heers good warme lying.

He fals asleepe.

Enter a Noble man and his men
from hunting.

Lord. Now that the gloomie shaddow of the night,
Longing to view Orions drifling lookes,
Leapes from th'antarticke World vnto the skie
And dims the Welkin with her pitchie breath,
And darke some night oreshades the christall heauens,
Here breake we off our hunting for to night,

A 2

Cuppet

The taming of a Shrew.

Cupple vppe the hounds and let vs hie vs home,
And bid the huntsman see them meated well,
For they haue all deseru'd it well to daie.
But soft, what sleepe fellow'is this lies heere?
Or is he dead, see one what he dooeth lacke?

Seruingman. My lord, tis nothing but a drunken
His head is too heauie for his bodie, (sleepe,
And he hath drunke so much, that he can go no furder.

Lord. Fie, how the flauish villaine stinckes of drinke.

Ho, sirha arise. What so found a sleepe?

Go take him vppe and beare him to my house,
And beare him easilie for feare he wake,
And in my fairest chamber make a fire,
And set a sumptuous banquet on the boord,
And put my richest garments on his backe,
Then set him at the Table in a chaire:

When that is doone against he shall awake,
Let heavenly musicke play about him still,
Go two' of you awaie and beare him hence,
And then Ile tell you what I haue deuise,
But see in any case you wake him not.

Exeunt two with Slie.

Now take my cloake and giue me one of yours,
Al fellowes now, and see you take me so,
For we will waite vpon this droonken man,
To see his countenance when 'he dooth awake
And find him selfe clothed in such attire,
With heavenly musicke sounding in his eares,
And such a banquet set before his eies,
The fellow sure will thinke he is in heauen,
But we will about him when he wakes,
And see you call him lord, at euery word;
And offer thou him his horse to ride abroad,

And

The taming of a Shrew.

And thou his hawkes and houndes to hunt the deere,
And I wil aske what fures he meanes to weare,
And what so ere he saith, see you doo not laugh,
But still periwade him that he is a Lord.

Enter one.

Mef. And it please your honour your plaiers be com
And doo attend your honours pleasure here.

Lord. The fittest time they could haue chosen out,
Bid one or two of them come hither straight,
Now will I fit my selfe accordinglie,
For they shall play to him when he awakes.

Enter two of the plaiers with packs at their
backs, and a boy.

Now sirs, what store of plaies haue you?

San. Marry my lord you may haue a Tragicall
Or a comoditie, or what you will.

The other. A Comedie thou shouldst say, souns
thout shame vs all.

Lord. And whats the name of your Comedie?

San. Marrie my lord tis calde The taming of a Shrew.
Tis a good lesson for vs my lord, for vs y are married men

Lord. The taming of a shrew, thats excellent sure,
Go see that you make you readie straight,
For you must plaie before a lord to night,
Say you are his men and I your fellow,
Hees something foolish, but what so ere he saies,
See that you be not dasht out of countenance.
And sirha go you make you readie straight,
And dresse your selfe like some louelie ladie,
And when I call see that you come to me,
For I will say to him thou art his wife,
Dally with him and hug him in thine armes,
And if he desire to goe to bed with thee,

The taming of a Shrew.

Then faine some scuse and say thou wilt anon.
Be gone I say, and see thou doost it well.

Boy. Feare not my Lord, Ile dandell him well enough
And make him thinke I loue him mightilie. *Ex. boy*

Lord. Now sirs go you and make you ready to,
For you must play assoone as he doth wake.

San. O braue, sir ha Tom, we must play before
A foolish Lord, come lets go make vs ready,
Go get a dishclout to make cleane your shooes,
And Ile speake for the properties, My Lord, we must
Haue a shoulder of mutton for a propertie,
And a little vinegre to make our Diuell rore.

Lord. Very well: sir ha see that they want nothing.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two
other, with *Slic* asleepe in a chaire, richlie
apparelled, & the musick plaieng.

One. So: sir ha now go call my Lord,
And tel him that all things is ready as he wild it.

Another. Set thou some wine vpon the boord
And then Ile go fetch my Lord presently. *Exit.*

Enter the Lord and his men.

Lord. How now, what is all thinges readie?

One. I my Lord. *(straight,*

Lord. Then sound the musick, and Ile wake him
And see you doo as earst I gaue in charge.

My lord, My lord, he sleepes soundly: My lord.

Slic. Tapster, gis a little small ale, Heigh ho.

Lord. Heers wine my Lord, the purest of the grape.

Slic. For which Lord?

Lord. For your honour my Lord;

Slic

The taming of a Shrew.

Slie. Who I, am I a Lord? Iesus what fine apparell
haue I got.

Lord. More richer far your honour hath to weare,
And if it please you I will tetch them straight.

Wil. And if your honour please to ride abroad,
Ile fetch you lustie steedes more swift of pace
Then winged *Pegasus* in all his pride,
That ran so swiftlic ouer *Persian* plaines,

Tom. And if your honour please to hunt the decre,
Your hounds stands readie cuppeld at the doore,
Who in running will oretake the Row,
And make the long breathde Tygre broken winded.

Slie. By the masse I thinke I am a Lord indeed,
Whats thy name?

Lord. *Simon* and if it please your honour.

Slie. *Simon*, thats as much to say *Si mi on* or *Simon*
Put forth thy hand and fill the pot.
Giue me thy hand, *Sim* am I a lord indeed?

Lord. I my gracious Lord, and your louely ladie
Long time hath mourned for your absence heere,
And now with ioy behold where she dooth come
To gratulate your honours safe returne.

Enter the boy in Womans attire.

Slie. *Sim.* Is this she?

Lord. I my Lord.

Slie. Masse tis a prettie wench, whats her name?

Boy. Oh that my louelic Lord would once vouchsafe
To looke on me, and leaue these frantike fits,
Or were I now but halfe so eloquent,
To paint in words what Ile performe in deedes,
I know your honour then would pittie me.

Slie. Harke you mistresse, will you eat a peece of
bread,

Come

The taming of a Shrew.

Conte sit downe on my knee, *Sim* drinke to hir *Sim*,
For she and I will go to bed anon.

Lord. May it please you your honors plaiers be come
To offer your honour a plaie.

Slie. A plaie *Sim*, O braue, be they my plaiers?

Lord. I my Lord.

Slie. Is there not a foole in the plaie?

Lord. Yes my Lord.

Slie. When will they plaie *Sim*?

Lord. Euen when please your honor, they be readie.

Boy. My Lord Ile go bid them begin their plaie.

Slie. Doo, but looke that you come againe.

Boy. I warrant you my lord, I will not leaue you thus.

Exit boy.

Slie. Come *Sim*, where be the plaiers? *Sim* stand by
Me and weele flout the plaiers out of their cotes.

Lord. Ile call them my lord. Ho where are you there?
Sound Trumpets.

Enter two young Gentlemen, and a man
and a boy.

Pol. Welcome to *Athens* my beloved friend,
To *Platoes* schooles and *Aristoiles* walks,
Welcome from *Cestus* famous for the loue
Of good *Leander* and his Tragedie,
For whom the *Helespont* weepes brinish teares,
The greatest griefe is I cannot as I would
Giue entertainment to my dearest friend.

Murel. Thankes noble *Polidor* my second selfe,
The faithfull loue which I haue found in thee
Hath made me leaue my fathers princelie court,
The Duke of *Cestus* thrise renoumed seate,
To come to *Athens* thus to find thee out,

Which

The taming of a Shrew

which since I haue so happily attaind,
My fortune now I do account as great
As earst did *Cesar* when he conquered most.
But tel me noble friend where shal we lodge,
For I am vnacquainted in this place.

Pol. My Lord, if you vouchsafe of schollers fare,
My house, my selfe, and al is yours to vse,
You and your men shal staie and lodge with me.

Aurel. With al my heart, I wil requite thy loue.

Enter *Simon*, *Alphonsus*, and his
three daughters.

But staie; what dames are these so bright of hew
Whose eies are brighter then the lampes of heauen,
Fairer then rocks of pearle and pretious stone,
More louely far then is the morning sunne,
When first she opes hir oriental gates?

Alfon. Daughters be gone, and hie you to the church,
And I will hie me downe vnto the key
To see what marchandise is come a shore.

Ex. Omnes.

Pol. Why how now my Lord, what in a dumpe,
To see these damfels passe away so soone?

Aurel. Truist me my friend I must confesse to thee,
I tooke so much delight in these faire dames,
As I do wish they had not gone so soone,
But if thou canst, resolue me what they be,
And what old man it was that went with them,
For I do long to see them once againe.

Pol. I cannot blame your honor, good my Lorde,
For they are both louely, wise, faire and yong,
And one of them the yongest of the three
I long haue lou'd (sweet friend) and she lou'd me,
But neuer yet we could not find a meanes
How we might compasse our desired ioies.

B

Aurel.

The taming of a Siren.

Aurel. Why is not her father willing to the match?

Pol. Yes trust me, but he hath solemnly sworne,
His eldest daughter first shal be espowde,
Before he grants his yongest leaue to loue:
And therefore he that meanes to get their loues,
Must first prouide for her if he wil speed,
And he that hath her shal be fretted so,
As good be wedded to the diuell himselte,
For such a skould as she did neuer liue,
And till that she be sped none else can speede.
Which makes me thinke that al my labors lost,
And who soere can get hir firme good wil,
A large dowrie he shal be sure to haue,
For hir father is a man of mightie wealth,
And an ancient Citizen of the towne,
And that was he that went along with them.

Aurel. But he shal keepe hir stil by my aduise,
And yet I needs must loue his second daughter
The image of honor and nobility,
In whose sweet person is comprisde the summe
Of natures skill and heauenly maiesty.

Pol. I like your choise, and glad you chose not mine,
Then if you like to follow on your loue,
We must deuise a mearies to find some one
That wil attempt to wed this detilish skould,
And I do know the man: Come hither boy
Go your waies sirha, to *Ferandos* house,
Desire him to take the paines to come to me,
For I must speake with him immediatly.

Boy. I wil sir, and fetch him presently.

Pol. A man I thinke wil fit hir humor right,
As blunt in speech as she is sharpe in tongue,
And he I think wil match hir euery way,
And yet he is a man of wealth sufficient,

And

The taming of a Shrew

And for his person worth as good as she,
And if he compasse hir to be his wife,
Then may we freely visit both our loues;

Aurel. O might I see the center of my soule
Whose sacred beauty hath enchanted me,
More faire then was the Grecian *Helena*
For whose sweet sake so many princes dide,
That came with thousand ships to *Tenedos*.
But when we come vnto hir fathers house,
Tel him I am a Marchants sonne of *Cefus*,
That comes for trafficke vnto *Athens* here,
And here sirha, I wil change with you for once,
And now be thou the Duke of *Cefus* sonne,
Reuel and spend as if thou wert my selfe,
For I will court my loue in this disguise,

Val. My Lord, how if the Duke your father should
By some meanes come to *Athens* for to see
How you do profit in these publike schooles,
And find me clothed thus in your attire,
How would he take it then thinke you my lord?

Aurel. Tush feare not *Valeria*, let me alone,
But stay, here comes some other company.

Enter *Ferando* and his man *Sanders*
with a blew coate.

Pol. Here comes the man that I did tel you of.

Feran. Good morrow gentlemen to al at once.
How now *Polidor*, what man stil in loue?

Euer wooing and canst thou neuer speed?
God send me better lucke when I shal woo.

San. I warrant you master and you take my counsel.

Feran. Why sirha, are you so cunning?

San. Who I, twere better for you by fine marke
And you could tel how to do it as wel as I.

The ending of a Strife.

Pol. I would thy wishes were in the vaine,
To trie himselfe how he could win a wench.

Feran. Faith I am euen now a going.

San. I faith sir, my masters going to this geere now.

Pol. Whither in faith *Ferando*, tell me true.

Feran. To bonnie *Kate*, the patientt wench aliue
The Diuel himselfe dares scarce ventur to woo her,

Seignior *Alfonso* eldest daughter,

And he hath promise me sixe thousand crownes

If I can win her once to be my wife,

And she and I must woo with skoulding fure,

And I will hold her foot til she be wearie

Or else ile make her yeeld to grant me loue.

Pol. How like you this *Aurelius*, I thinke he knew

Our minds before we sent to him,

Butt tell me, when do you meane to speake with her?

Feran. Faith presently, do you but stand aside,

And I will make hir father bring hir hither,

And she, and I, and he, wil talke alone.

Pol. With al our hearts, come *Aurelius*.

Let vs be gone and leaue him here alone. *Exit.*

Feran. Ho Seignior *Alfonso*, whose within there?

Alfon. Seignior *Ferando* your welcome hartily,

You are a strange squire vnto my house,

Harke you sir, looke what I did promise you

Ile performe, if you get my daughters loue.

Feran. Then when I haue talkt word or two with hir,

Do you step in and giue her hand to me,

And tell hir when the marriage day shall be,

For I do know she will be married faine,

And when our nuptial rites be once perform'de

Let me alone to tame hir wel inough,

Now call her forth that I may speake with hir.

Alfon. *Enter Kate.*

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Alfon.

The taming of a Shrew.

Alfon. Ha *Kate*, Come hither wench and list to me,
Wee this gentleman friendly as thou canst.

Feran. Twenty good morrowes to my louely *Kate*.

Kate. You iest I am sure, is the yours already?

Feran. I tel thee *Kate* I know thou lou'st me well.

Kate. The diuel you do, who told you so?

Feran. My mind sweet *Kate* doth say I am the man,
Must wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate*.

Kate. Was euer seene so grosse an asse as this?

Feran. I, to stand so long and neuer get a kisse.

Kate. Hands off I say, and get you from this place;
Or I will set my ten commandments in your face.

Feran. I prethe do *Kate*; they say thou art a shrew,
And I like thee the better, for I would haue thee so.

Kate. Let go my hand, for feare it reach your eare.

Feran. No *Kate*, this hand is mine and I thy loue.

Kate. In faith sir no, the woodcocke wants his taile.

Feran. But yet his bil wil serue, if the other faile.

Alfon. How now *Ferando*, what saies my daughter?

Feran. Shees willing sir and loues me as hir life.

Kate. Tis for your skin then, but not to be your wife.

Alfon. Come hither *Kate* and let me giue thy hand
To him that I haue chosen for thy loue,
And thou to morrow shalt be wed to him.

Kate. Why father, what do you mean to do with me,
To giue me thus vnto this bransick man,
That in his mood cares not to murder me?

She turnes aside and speaks.

But yet I will consent and marry him,
For I methinkes haue liude too long a maid,
And match him to, or else his manhoods good.

Alfon. Giue me thy hand, *Ferando* loues thee well,
And vvil vvith vvealth and ease maintaine thy state:
Here *Ferando* take her for thy vvife.

The taming of a Shrew.

And sunday next shal be our wedding day.

Feran. Why so did I not tel thee I should be the man?
Father, I leaue my louely *Kate* with you,
Prouide your selues against our mariage day,
For I must hie me to my countrey house
In hast to see prouision may be made,
To entertaine my *Kate* when she doth come.

Alfon. Do so, come *Kate*, why dost thou looke
So sad, be merry wench, thy wedding daies at hand.
Sonne fare you wel, and see you keepe your promise.

Exit Alfonso and Kate.

Feran. So, al thus far goes wel. Ho *Sander.*

Enter *Sander* laughing

San. *Sander*, I faith you are a beast, I crie God hartilie
Mercy, my harts ready to run out of my belly with
Laughing, I stood behind the doore al this while,
And heard what you said to hir. (wel to hir?)

Feran. Why didst thou thinke that I did not speake

San. You spoke like an asse to hir, ile tel you what,
And I had bin there to haue woode hir, and had this
Cloke on that you haue, chud haue had her before she
Had gone a foot further, and you ralke of Woodcocks
With hir, and I cannot tel you what. (for al this.)

Feran. Wel sirha, and yet thou seest I haue got her

San. I marry twas more by hap then any good cunning
I hope sheele make you one of the head men of the
parish shortly.

Feran. Wel sirha, leaue your iesting and go to *Polidors*
The yong gentleman that was here with me, (house,
And tel him the circumstance of al thou knowst,
Tel him on sunday next we must be married,
And if he aske thee whicher I am gone,
Tell him into the countrey to my house,
And vpon Sunday ile be here againe.

Ex. Ferando,
San.

The taming of a Shrew.

San. I warrant you master feare not me
For doing of my businesse.
Now hang him that has not a liuery cote
To slash it out and swash it out amongst the proudest
On them. Why looke you now, ile scarce put vp
Plaine *Sander* now at any of their hands, for and any
Body haue any thing to do with my master, straight
They come crouching vpon me, I beseech you good M.
Sander speake a good word for me, and then am I so
Stout and takes it vpon me, and stands vpon my pantofles
To them out of alcrie, why I haue a life like a giant
Now, but that my master hath such a pestilent mind
To a woman now of late, and I haue a prety wench
To my sister, and I had thought to haue preferred my
Master to hir, and that would haue bin a good
Deale in my way, but that hees sped already.

Enter *Polidors* boy.

Boy. Friend, wel met.

San. Souns, friend wel met, I hold my life he sees
Not my masters liuery coate,
Plaine friend hop of my thum, know you who we are.

Boy. Trust me sir it is the vse where I was borne,
To salute men after this maner, yet notwithstanding
If you be angry with me for calling of you friend,
I am the more sorry for it, hoping the stile
Of a foole wil make you amends for al.

San. The slaue is sorrie for his fault, now we cannot be
Angry, wel whats the matter that you would do with vs.

Boy. Marry sir, I heare you pertaine to seignior

Ferando.

San. I and thou beest not blind thou maist see,

Ecce signum, here.

Boy. Shal I intreat you to do me a message to your
Master.

San.

The taming of a Shrew.

San. I, it may be, & you tel vs from whence you com.

Boy. Marrie sir I serue yong Polidor, your maisters shill friend.

San. Do you serue him, and whats your name?

Boy. My name is sir ha, It tel thee sir ha is cald Carapie.

San. Cake and pie, O my teeth vvaters to haue a peece of thee.

Boy. Why slave, vvouldst thou eat me?

San. Hate thee, who vvould not eat Cake and pie?

Boy. Why villaine my name is Carapie,
But vvile thou tel me vvhere thy maister is.

San. Nay thou must first tel me vvhere thy maister is,

For I haue good newes for him, I can tel thee.

Boy. Why see vvhere he comes.

Enter Polidor, Aurelius, and Valerius.

Pol. Come sweet Aurelius my faithful friend,

Now will we go to see those louely dames

Richer in beauty then the orient pearle,

Whiter then is the Alpine Chrystal mould,

And far more louely then the terean plack,

That blushing in the aire turnes to a stone.

What Sauder, vvhat newes vvith you?

San. Marry sir my maister sends you word

That you must come to his vvedding to morrow.

Pol. What shal he be maried then?

San. Faith I, you thinke he standes as long about it as

about you do.

Pol. Whither is thy maister gone now?

San. Marry hees gone to our house in the Countrey,

To make al things in a readinesse against my new

Mistres comes in theer, but hee come againe to

morrow.

Pol. This is suddenly dispatcht belike,

Wel, sir ha boy, take Sauder in with you

And

The taming of a Shrew.

And haue him to the buttrey presentlie.

Boy. I will sir: come *Saunders*.

Exit Saunders and the Boy.

Aurel. *Valeria* as erst we did deuise,
Take thou thy lute and go to *Alfonso's* house,
And say that *Polidor* sent thee thither.

Pol. I *Valeria* for he spoke to me,
To helpe him to some cunning Musition,
To teach his eldest daughter on the lute,
And thou I know wil fit his turne so well
As thou shalt get great fauour at his hands,
Began *Valeria* and say I sent thee to him.

Valer. I wil sir and stay your coming at *Alfonso's*
house.

Exit Valeria.

Pol. Now sweet *Aurelius* by this deuise
Shal we haue leisure for to court our loues,
For whilst that she is learning on the lute,
Her sisters may take time to steale abrode,
For otherwise sheele keepe them both within,
And make them worke whilst she her selfe doth play,
But come lets go vnto *Alfonso's* house,
And see how *Valeria* and *Kate* agree
I doubt his musicke scarce will please his skoller,
But stay heere comes *Alfonso*.

Enter Alfonso.

Alfon. What *M. Polidor*, you are wel met,
I thanke you for the man you sent to me,
A good Musition I thinke he is,
I haue set my daughter and him together,
But is this gentleman a friend of yours?

Pol. He is, I pray you sir bid him welcome,
He's a wealthy Marchants son of *Cestus*.

Alfon. Your welcome sir, and if my house aforde

C

You

The taming of a Shrew.

You any thing that may content your mind,
I pray you sir make bold with me.

Aurel. I thanke you sir, and if what I haue got,
By marchandise or trauel on the seas,
Sattins or lawnes or azure coloured filke,
Or pretious fire pointed stones of Indy,
You shal command both them, my selfe and al.

Alfon. Thanks gentle sir, *Polidor* take him in,
And bid him welcome to vnto my house,
For thou I thinke must be my second sonne,
Ferando, *Polidor* doost thou not know
Must marry *Kate*, and to morrow is the day.

Pol. Such newes I heard, and I came now to know.

Alfon. *Polidor* tis true, go let me alone,
For I must see against the bridegroome come,
That al things be according to his mind,
And so ile leaue you for an houre or two.

Exit.

Pol. Come then *Aurelius* come in with me,
And wee le go sit a while and chat with them,
And after bring them forth to take the aire.

Exit.

Then *Slie* speakes.

Slie. *Sim*, when wil the foole come againe?

Lord. Heele come againe my Lord anon.

Slie. Gis some more drinke here, souns wheres
The Tapster, here *Sim* eate some of these things.

Lord. So I do my Lord,

Slie. Heere *Sim* I drinke to thee.

Lord. My Lord, heere comes the plaiers againe.

Slie. O braue, heers two fine gentlewomen.

Enter *Valeria* with a Lute and *Kate*
with him,

Vale. The fencelesse trees by musick haue bin mou'd,
And at the sound of pleasant tuned strings,

Haue

The taming of a Shrew.

Have savage beasts hung down their listning heads,
As though they had beene cast into a trance.
Then it may be that she whom nought can please,
With musickes sound in time may be surprisde,
Come louely mistresse wil you take your lute,
And play the lesson that I taught you last?

Kate. It is no matter whether I do or no,
For trust me I take no great delight in it.

Val. I would sweet mistresse that it lay in me,
To helpe you to that thing thats your delight.

Kate. In you with a pestlence, are you so kind?
Then make a night cap of your fiddles case,
To warme your head, and hide your filthy face.

Val. If that sweet mistres were your hearts content,
You should command a greater thing then that,
Although it were tentimes to my disgrace.

Kate. Your so kinde twere pittie you should be
hang'd,
And yet methinks the foole doth looke asquint.

Val. Why mistresse do you mocke me?

Kate. No, but I meane to moue thee.

Val. Wel, wil you play a little?

Kate. I, giue me the lute.

She plaies.

Val. That stop was false, play it againe.

Kate. Then mend it thou, thou filthy asse.

Val. What do you bid me kisse your arse?

Kate. How now iack fause, your a iolly mate.
Your best be stil least I crosse your pate,
And make your musicke flie about your eares,
He make it and your foolish cõxcombe meet.

She offers to strike him with the lute.

Val. Hold mistresse, founs wil you breake my lute?

Kate. I on thy head, and if thou speake to me,

The taming of a Shrew.

There take it vp and fiddle somewhere else,

She throwes it down.

And see you come no more into this place,
Least that I clap your fiddle on your face.

Ex. Kate.

Val. Souns, teach her, to play vpon the lute?

The Diuel shal teach hir first, I am glad shes gone,

For I was neare so fraid in al my life,

But that my lute should' flie about mine eares,

My maister shal teach hir his selfe for me,

For ile keepe me far enough without hir reach,

For he and *Polidor* sent me before

To be with her and teach her on the lute,

Whilst they did court the other gentlewomen,

And here methinks they come together.

Enter *Aurelius, Polidor, Emelia,*

and *Philena.*

Pol. How now *Valeria*, whears your mistresse?

Val. At the vengeance I thinke and no where else.

Aurel. Why *Valeria*, wil she not learne apace?

Val. Yes berlady she has learnt too much already,

And that I had seh had I not spoke hir faire,

But she shall neare be learnt for me againe.

Aurel. Well *Valeria*, go to my chamber,

And beare him company that came to daie

From *Cestus*, where our aged father dwels. *Ex. Valeria.*

Pol. Come faire *Emelia* my louely loue,

Brighter then the burnisht pallace of the sunne,

The eie-sight of the glorious firmament,

In whose bright looks sparkles the radiant fire

Wilie *Promethus* lillie stole from *Ioue*,

Infusing breath, life, motion, soule,

To euery obiect striken by thine eies

Oh faire *Emelia* I pine for thee,

And either must enjoy thy loue, or die.

Emelia

The taming of a Shrew

Eme. Fie man, I know you wil not die for loue,
Ah *Polidor* thou needste not to complaine,
Eternal heauen sooner be dissolude,
And al that pearleth *Phebus* siluer eie,
Before such hap befall to *Polidor*.

Pol. Thanks faire *Emelia* for these sweet words,
But what saith *Phylena* to hir friend?

Phyle. Why I am buying marchandise of him.

Aurel. Mistresse you shal not need to buie of me,
For when I crost the bubling *Canibey*,
And sailde along the *Chrystal Helispont*,
I filde my cofers of the wealthie mines,
Where I did cause millions of labouring *Moores*
To vndermine the cauernes of the earth,
To seeke for strange and new found pretious stones,
And diue into the sea to gather pearle,
As faire as *Iuno* offered *Priams* sonne,
And you shall take your liberal choise of al.

Phyle. I thanke you sir, and would *Phylena* might
In any curtesie requite you so,
As she with willing heart could wel bestow.

Enter *Alfonso*.

Alfon. How now daughters, is *Ferando* come?

Eme. Not yet father, I wonder he staies so long.

Alfon. And wheres your sister that she is not here?

Phyle. She is making of hir ready father
To go to church and if that he were come.

Pol. I warrant you heele not be long away.

Alfon. Go daughters ger you in, and bid your
Sister prouide her selfe against that we do come,
And see you go to church along with vs.

Exit *Phylena* and *Emelia*.

I maruel that *Ferando* comes not away.

The taming of a Shrew.

Pol. His Taylor it may be hath bin too slacke
In his apparel which he meanes to weare,
For no question but some fantasticke sutes
He is determined to weare to day,
And richly powdered with pretious stones,
Spotted with liquid gold, thicke set with pearle,
And such he meanes shal be his wedding sutes.

Alfon. I carde not *I* what cost he did bestow,
In gold or silke, so he himselfe were here,
For I had rather lose a thousand crowns,
Then that he should deceiue vs heere to day,
But soft I thinke I see him come.

Enter *Ferando* basely attired, and a
red cap on his head.

Feran. God morrow father, *Polidor* wel met,
You wonder I know that I haue staid so long.

Alfon. I marry son we were almost perswaded
That we should scarce haue had our bridegroome here,
But say, why art thou thus basely attired?

Feran. Thus richly father you should haue said,
For when my wife and I am married once,
Shees such a shrew, if we should once fal out,
Sheele pul my costly sutes ouer mine eares,
And therefore am I thus attired a while,
For many things I tel you's in my head,
And none must know thereof but *Kate* and I,
For we shal liue like lambs and Lions sure,
Nor lambs to Lions neuer was so tame,
If once they lie within the Lyons pawes,
As *Kate* to me if we were married once,
And therefore come let vs to church presently.

Pol. Fie *Ferando*, not thus attired for shame,
Come to my chamber and there sute thy selfe

The taming of a Shrew

Of twenty futes that I did neuer were.

Feran. Tush *Polidor* I haue as many futes
Fantasticke made to fit my humor so,
As any in Athens, and as richly wrought
As was the Malsie Robe that late adorn'd
The stately legate of the Persian King,
And this from them haue I made choise to weare.

Alfon. I prethie *Ferando* let me intreat
Before thou goste vnto the church with vs,
To put some other sute vpon thy backe.

Feran. Not for the world if I might gaine it so,
And therefore take me thus or not at al.

Enter *Kate*.

But soft see where my *Kate* doth come,
I must salute hir: how fares my louely *Kate*?
What art thou ready? shal we go to church?

Kate. Not I with one so mad, so basely tirde,
To marry such a filthy slauish groome,
That as it seemes sometimes is from his wits,
Or else he would not thus haue come to vs.

Feran. Tush *Kate* these words addes greater loue in me,
And makes me thinke thee fairer then before,
Sweete *Kate* thou louelier then *Dianas* purple robe,
Whiter then are the snowie *Apenis*,
Or icie haire that goes on *Boreas* chin.
Father I sweare by *Ibis* golden beake,
More faire and Radiante is my bony *Kate*,
Then siluer *Zanthus* when he doth imbrace
The ruddie *Simies* at *Idas* feete,
And care not thou sweet *Kate* how I be clad,
Thou shalt haue garments wrought of Median silke,
Enchast with pretious iewels fetcht from far,
By *Italian* marchants that vwith *Rufsian* stemes,
Ploughs vp huge furrowes in the *Terren Maine*.

And

The taming of a Shrew.

And better far my louely *Kate* shal weare,
Then come sweet loue and let vs to the church,
For this I sweare shal be my wedding sute,

Exeunt omnes

Alfon. Come gentlemen go along with vs,
For thus do what we can he wil be wed.

Exit.

Enter *Polidors* boy and *Sander.*

Boy. Come hither sirha boy.

San. Boy; oh disgrace to my person, founs boy
Of your face, you haue many boyes with such
Pickadeuants I am sure, founs would you
Not haue a bloody nose for this?

Boy. Come, come, I did but iest, where is that
Same peece of pie that I gaue thee to keepe?

San. The pie? I you haue more mind of your belly
Then to go see what your maister dooes.

Boy. Tush tis no matter man I prethe giue it me,
I am very hungry I promise thee.

San. Why you may take it and the Ciuell burst
You with it, one cannot saue a bit after supper,
But you are alwaies ready to munch it vp.

Boy. Why come man, we shal haue good cheere
Anon at the bridehouse, for your maisters gone to
Church to be married already, and thears
Such cheere as passeth.

San. O braue, I would I had eate no meate this weeke,
For I haue neuer a corner left in my belly
To put a venison pastie in, I thinke I shal burst my selfe
With eating, for ile so cram me down the tarts
And the marchpaines out of al crie.

Boy. I, but how wilt thou do now thy maisters
Maried, thy mistres is such a diuel, as sheele make
Thee forget thy eating quickly, sheele beat thee so.

San.

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San. Let my master alone with her for that, for
Heele make hir tame wel inough ere long I warrant thee,
For he's such a churle waxen now of late, that and he be
Neuer so little angry he thums me out of al cry,
But in my mind sirha the yongest is a very
Pretty wench, and if I thought thy master would
Not haue hir, Ide haue a sting at hir
My selfe, ile see soone whether twil be a match
Or no: and it wil not ile set the matter
Hard for my selfe I warrant thee.

Boy. Souns you slaue wil you be a Riual with
My master in his loue, speake but such
Another word and ile cut off one of thy legs.

San. Oh, cruel iudgement, nay then sirha,
My tongue shal talke no more to you, marry my
Timber shal tel the trusty message of his maister
Euen on the very forehead on thee, thou abusious
Villaine, therefore prepare thy selfe.

Boy. Come hither thou imperfectious slaue in
Regard of thy beggery, hold thee thers
Two shillings for thee? to pay for the
Healing of thy left leg which I meane
Furiouly to inuade or to maime at the least.

San. O supermodical foole! wel ile take your
Two shillings, but ile bar striking at legs.

Boy. Not I, for ile strike any where.

San. Here take your two shillings againe,
Ile see thee hangd ere ile fight with thee,
I gat a broken shin the other day,
Tis not whole yet, and therefore ile not fight.
Come come, why should we fal out?

Boy. Wel sirha your faire words hath somthing
Alaied my Choller: I am content for this once
To put it vp and be friends with thee,

The taming of a Shrew

But soft, see where they come al from church,
Belike they be married already.

Enter *Ferrando* and *Kate*, and *Alfonso*, and *Polidoro*,
and *Emilia*, and *Marellino*, and *Phylina*.

Feran. Father farewell, my *Kate* and I must hom,
Sirha, go make ready my horse presently.

Alfon. Your horse! what son I hope you do, but I
I am sure you wil not go so suddantly.

Kate. Let him go or carry I am resolute to stay,
And not to travel on my wedding day.

Feran. Tut *Kate* I tel thee we must needs go home,
Villaine hast thou saddled my horse?

San. Which horse your curate?

Feran. Souns you slave stand you prating here
Saddel the bay gelding for your mistress.

Kate. Not for me, for ile not go.

San. The Ostler will not let me have him, you owe ten
For his meate, and 6 pence for stuffing my mistress saddle.

Feran. Here villaine guppy him straight.

San. Shal I giue them another pecke of lagender?

Feran. Out slave and bring them presently to the doore.

Alfon. Why son, I hope at least youle dine with vs.

San. I pray you maister lets stay til dinner be dony.

Feran. Souns villaine go thou here yet! *Exit Sander*
Come *Kate*, our dinner is provided at home.

Kate. But not for me, for here I meane to dine.

Ile have my wil in this as wel as you,
Though you in madding mood would leave your friends
Despite of you ile tarry with them still.

Feran. I *Kate* so thou shalt but at some other time,
When as thy sisters here shal be espoused.

Then thou and I wil keepe our wedding day,
In better sort then now we can provide,

For

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For here I promise thee before them all
We will ere long returne to them againe,
Come *Kate* stand not on termes, we will away,
This is my day, to morrow thou shalt rule,
And I will do what ever thou commandes,
Gentlemen farwel, wee take our leaves,
It will be late before that we come home.

Exit Ferando and Kate.

Pol. Farwel *Ferando* since you will be gone.

Alfon. So mad a couple did I never see.

Emel. They're even as well matcht as I would wish.

Phyle. And yet I hardly thinke that he can tame hir:

For when he has don she wil do what she list.

Aurel. Her manhood then is good I do belecue.

Pol. *Aurelius* or else I misse my marke.

Her toung wil walke if she doth hold her heeds,

I am in doubt ere halfe a month be past

Heele curse the priest that married him so soone,

And yet it may be she wil be reclaimd,

For she is very patient growne of late.

Alfon. God hold it that it may continue still,

I would be loth that they should disagree,

But he I hope wil hold hir in a while.

Pol. Within this two daies I wil ride to him,

And see how louingly they do agree.

Alfon. Now *Aurelius* what say you to this,

What have you sent to *Cestus* as you said,

To certifie your father of your love,

For I would gladly he would like of it,

And if he be the man you tel to me,

I gesse he is a marchant of great wealth,

And I haue scene him oft at *Athens* here,

And for his sake assure thee thou art welcome.

Pol. And so to me while *Polidon* doth live.

The taming of a Shrew

Aurel. I find it so right worthy gentlemen,
And of vvhhat worth your friendship I esteeme,
I leue censure of your seueral thoughts,
But for requital of your fauors past,
Rests yet behind, which when occasion serues
I vow shall be remembred to the full,
And for my fathers comming to this place,
I do expect within this weeke at most.

Alfon. Inough *Aurelius*: but we forget
Our marriage dinner now the bride is gon,
Come let vs see what there they left behind. *Exit omnes*

Enter *Sanders* with two or three
seruing men.

San. Come sirs, provide al things as fast as you can,
For my masters hard at hand and my new mistris
And al, and he sent me before to see al things ready.

Tom. Welcome home *Sander*, sir, ha, how lookes our
New mistris, they say she's a plagy shrew.

San. I and that thou shalt find I can tel thee and thou
Dost not please her wel, why my matter
Has such a do with hir as it passeth and he's euen
like a madman.

Wil. Why *Sander* vvhhat does he say.

San. Why ile tel you what: when they should
Go to church to be married, he puts on an old
Ierkin and a paire of canvas breeches down to the
Smal of his leg and a red cap on his head, and he
Lookes as thou wilt burst thy selfe with laughing
When thou seest him: he's eue as good as a
Foole for me: and then vvhien they should go to dinner
He made me saddle the horse and away he came,
And nere tained for dinner and therefore you had best
Get supper ready against they come, for

They

The taming of a Shrew.

They be hard at hand I am sure by this time.

Tom. Sounes see where they be already.

Enter Ferando and Kate.

Feran. Now welcome *Kate.* wheres these villaines
Here, what? not supper yet vpon the bord:
Nor table spred, nor nothing don at al,
Wheres that villaine that I sent before.

San. Now, *adsum,* sir.

Feran. Come hither you villaine ile cut your nose,
You Rogue: helpe me off with my bootes: wilt please
you to lay the cloth? souns the villaine
Hurts my foote? pul easily I say; yet againe.

He beates them al.

They couer the bord and fetch in the meat.

Souns? burnt and skorcht, who drest this meat?

Wil. Forsooth Iohn cooke.

He throwes downe the table and meat
and al, and beates them.

Feran. Go you villaines bring you me such meat,
Out of my sight I say and beare it hence,
Come *Kate* weele haue other meat prouided,
Is there a fire in my chamber sir?

San. I forsooth.

Exit Ferando and Kate.

Manent seruing men and eate vp al the meat.

Tom. Sounes, I thinke of my conscience my masters
Mad since he was married.

Wil. I last what a boxe he gaue *Sander*
For pulling off his bootes.

Enter Ferando againe.

San. I hurt his foote for the nonce man.

Feran. Did you so you damned villaine.

He beates them al out againe.
This humor must I hold me to a while,

To

The taming of a Shrew

To bridle and hold back my headstrong wife,
With curbes of hunger, eale, and want of sleepe,
Nor sleepe, nor meat shal she inioy to night,
Ile mew her vp as men do mew their hawkes,
And make hir gently come vnto the lure,
Were she as stubborne or as full of strength,
As were the *Thracian* hore, *Alcidas* tamde,
That king *Egeus* fed with flesh of men,
Yet would I pul her downe and make hir come
As hungry hawkes do fly vnto their lure. *Exit*

Enter *Aurelius* and *Valeria*.

Aurel. Valeria attend: I have a louely loue,
As bright as is the heauen cristalline,
As faire as is the milke white way of loue,
As chaste as *Phoebe* in hir summer sports,
As soft and tender as the asure downe,
That circles *Cithereas* siluer doones,
Her do I meane to make my louely bride,
And in her bed to breath the sweet content,
That I thou knowst long time haue aimed at.
Now *Valeria* it rests in thee to helpe
To compasse this, that I might gaine my loue,
Which easly thou maist performe at wil,
If that the marchant which thou toldst me of,
Wil as he said go to *Alfonso* house,
And say he is my father, and there withal
Pas ouer certaine deeds of land to me,
That I thereby may gaine my hearts desire,
And he is promised reward of me.

Val. Feare not my Lord ile fetch him straight to you,
For heele do any thing that you command,
But tel me my Lord, is *Ferando* married then?

Aurel. He is: and *Polidor* shortly shal be wed,
And he meanes to name his wife ere long.

Valeria

The taming of a Shrew

Val. He saies so.

Aurel. Faith he's gon vnto the taming schoole.

Val. The taming schoole: why is there such a place?

Aurel. I: and *Ferando* is the master of the schoole.

Val. Thats rare: but what *decorum* dos he vse?

Aurel. Faith I know not: but by some odde deuise.

Or other, but come *Kaleria* I long to see the man,
By whom we must comprise our plotted drift,
That I may tel him what we haue to do.

Val. Then come my Lord and I wil bring you to him
straight.

Aurel. Agreed, then lets go.

Exeunt

Enter Sander and his mistris.

San. Come mistris.

Kate. *Sander* I prethe helpe me to some meat,
I am so faint that I can scarcely stand.

San. I marry mistris, but you know my master
Has giuen me a charge that you must eat nothing,
But that which he himselfe giueth you.

Kate. Why man thy master needs neuer know it.

San. You say true indeed: why looke you mistris,
What say you to a peece of beeffe and mustard now?

Kate. Why I say tis excellent meat, canst thou
Helpe me to some?

San. I, I could helpe you to some, but that
I doubt the mustard is too chollerick for you.

But what say you to a sheepes head and garlicke?

Kate. Why any thing, I care not what it be.

San. I but the garlicke I doubt wil make your breath
Stincke, and then my master wil course me for letting
You eate it. But what say you to a fat Capon?

Kate. Thats meat for a king sweet *Sander*, helpe
Me to some of it.

San. Nay berlady then tis too deere for vs, we must

Not

The taming of a Shrew.

Not meddle with the Kings meate.

Kate. Out villaine dost thou mocke me,
Take that for thy sawfinesse.

She beates him.

San. Sounes are you so light fingered with a murrin,
Ile keepe you fasting for it this two daies.

Kate. I tel thee villaine ile tear the flesh of
Thy face and eate it, and thou prates so me thus.

San. Here comes my master now, heele course you.

Enter *Ferando* with a peece of meate vpon his
daggers point and *Polidor* with him.

Feran. See here *Kate* I haue provided meate for thee,
Here take it: what ist not worthy thanks?
Go sirha, take it away againe, you shalbe
Thankeful for the next you haue.

Kate Why I thanke you for it.

Feran. Nay now tis not worth a pin, go sirha and take
It hence I say.

San. Yes sir ile carrie it hence! Master let him
Haue none, for she can fight as hungry as the is.

Pol. I pray you sir let it stand, for ile eate
Some with her my selfe.

Feran. Wel sirha set it down againe.

Kate. Nay nay I pray you let him take it himselfe
And keepe it for your own diet for ile none,
Ile neare be beholding to you for your meate,
I tel thee flatly here vnto thy teeth

Thou shalt not keepe me nor feed me as thou list,
For I wil home againe vnto my fathers house.

Feran. I; when your meske and gentel busines
Before, I know your stomacke is not yett come down,
Therefore no maruel thou canst not eat,
And I wil go vnto your Fathers house,
Come *Polidor* let vs go in againe,

And

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And *Kate* come in with vs I know ere long,
That thou and I shall louingly agree.

Ex. Omnes.

Enter *Aurelius, Valeria and Phylotus*
the Marchant.

Aurel. Now Seignior *Phylotus*, we wil go
Vnto *Alfonso*s house, and be sure you say
As I did tel you, concerning the man
That dwels in *Cestus*, whose son I said I was,
For you do very much resemble him,
And feare nor: you may be bold to speake your mind.

Phylo. I warrant you sir take you no care,
Ile vse my selfe so cunning in the cause,
As you shall soone inioy your harts delight.

Aurel. Thanks sweet *Phylotus*, then stay you here,
And I wil go and fetch him hither straight.
Ho, Seignior *Alfonso*: a word with you.

Enter *Alfonso* (matter

Alfon. Whose there? what *Aurelius* whats the
That you stand so like a stranger at the doore?

Aurel. My father sir is newly come to towne,
And I haue brought him here to speake with you,
Concerning those matters that I told you off,
And he can certifie you of the truth.

Alfon. Is this your father? you are welcome sir,

Phylo. Thanks *Alfonso*, for thats your name I gesse,
I vnderstand my son hath set his mind
And bent his liking to your daughters loue,
And for because he is my only son,
And I would gladly that he should do well,
I tel you sir, I not mislike his choise,
If you agree to giue him your consent,
He shal haue liuing to maintaine his state,

E

There

The taming of a Shrew.

Three hundred pounds a yeere, I will assure
To him and to his heyres, and if they do ioyne,
And knit themselues in holy wedlocke band,
A thousand masse ingots of pure gold,
And twise as many bars of silver plate,
I freely giue him, and in writing straight
I wil confirme what I haue said in words.

Alfon. Trust me I must commend your liberal mind,
And louing care you beare vnto your son,
And here I giue him freely my consent,
As for my daughter, I thinke he knowes her mind,
And I wil inlarge her dowry for your sake,
And solemnise with ioy your nuptial rites,
But is this gentleman of *Cestus* too?

Murel. He is the Duke of *Cestus* thrise renowned son,
Who for the love his honor beares to me,
Hath thus accompanied me to this place.

Alfon. You were to blame you tolde me not before,
Pardon me my Lord, for if I had knowne
Your honor had bin here in place with me,
I would haue don my duty to your honor.

Val. Thankes good *Alfonso*: but I did come to see
When as these marriage rites should be performed,
And if in these nuptials you vouchsafe,
To honor thus the prince of *Cestus* friend,
In celebration of his spousal rites,
He shal remaine a lasting friend to you,
What saies *Murelius* father.

Phyls. I humbly thanke your honor, good my Lord,
And ere we part before your honor here
Shal articles of such content be drawne,
As twixt our houses and posterities,
Eternally this league of peace shal last,
Inuiolate and pure on either part.

Alfonso

The taming of a Shrew. Act I

Albino. Withal my heart hus if your honor please,
To walke along with vs vnto my house.
We wil confirme these leagues of lasting loue.

Val. Come then *Aurelius* I wil go with you. *Ex. omnes.*

Enter *Ferando* and *Kate* and *Sander*.

San. Master the *Haberdasher* has brought my
Mistris home hir cap here.

Feran. Come hither sirha: what haue you there?

Haber. A veluet cap sir and ir please you.

Feran. Who spoke for it? didst thou *Kate*?

Kate. What if I did, come hither sirha, giue me
The cap, ile see if it wil fit me.

She sets it on her head.

Feran. O monstrous: why it becomes thee not,
Let me see it *Kate*: here sirha take it hence,
This cap is out of fashion quite.

Kate. The fashion is good inough: belike you
Meane to make a foole of me.

Feran. Why true he meanes to make a foole of thee,
To haue thee put on such a curtald cap,
Sirha be gone with it.

Enter the *Taylor* with a gowne.

San. Here is the *Taylor* too with my mistris gowne.

Feran. Let me see it *Taylor*: what with cuts and iags?
Sounes you villaine, thou hast spoiled the gowne.

Taylor. Why sir I made it as your man gaueme direc-
You may read the note here.

Feran. Come hither sirha: *Taylor* read the note.

Taylor. Item a faire round compact cap.

San. I thats true.

Taylor. And a large truncke sleeue.

The taming of a Shrew.

San. That a lie master, I said two truncke sleeves.

Feran. Wel sir go forward.

Tailor. Item a loose bodied gowne.

San. Maister if euer I said loose bodies gowne,
Sew me in a seame, and beate me to death
With a bottome of browne thred.

Tailor. I made it as the more bad me.

San. I say the note lies in his throate and thou too,
And thou saist it.

Tailor. Nay, nay, nere be so hot sir ha, for I feare you not.

San. Dooft thou heare *Tailor*, thou hast braued
Many men: braue not me,
Thou'lt faste many men.

Tailor. Wel sir,

San. Face not me, ile neither be faste nor braued
At thy hands: I can tel thee.

Kate. Come come I like the fashion of it well inough,
Heeres more a do then needs, ile haue it I,
And if you do not like it hide your eies,
I thinke I shal haue nothing by your wil.

Feran. Go I say and take it vp for your masters vse.

San. Souns: villaine now for thy life touch it not,
Souns, take vp my mistris gowne to his
Masters vse?

Feran. Wel sir: what's your conceit of it?

San. I haue a deeper conceit in it then youe. I say
Thinke for, take vp my mistris gowne
To his masters vse?

Feran. *Tailor* come hither for this time take it
Hence againe, and ile content thee for thy paines.

Tailor. I thank you sir.

Feran. Come *Kate* now wil go see thy fathers house
Euen in these honest meane abilliments,
Our purses shalbe rich, your garments plaine.

The taming of a Shrew

To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage,
And thats inough, what should we care for more,
Thy sisters *Kate* to morrow must be wed,
And I haue promised them thou shouldst be there
The morning is wel vp lets haste away,
It wil be nine a clocke ere we come there.

Kate. Nine a clocke, why tis already past two
In the afternoone by al the clocks in the town.

Feran, I say tis but nine a clocke in the morning,

Kate. I say tis two a clocke in the afternoone,

Feran. It shal be nine then ere we go to your fathers,
Come back againe, we wil not go to day,
Nothing but crossing of me stil,
Ile haue you say as I do ere you go.

Exeunt omnes

Enter *Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Philemas*

Pol. Faire *Emelia* sommers bright sun Queene,
Brighter of hew then is the burning clime,
Where *Phabus* in his bright æquator sits,
Creating gold and pretious minnerals,
What would *Emelia* doo? if I were forst
To leaue faire *Athens* and to range the world,

Eme. Should thou assay to scale the seat of Loue,
Mounting the suttle ayrie regions
Or be snatcht vp as earst was *Ganimed*,
Loue should giue wings vnto my swift desires,
And prune my thoughts that I would follow thee,
Or fall and perish as did *Icarus*.

Aurel. Sweetly resolved faire *Emelia*,
But would *Phylemas* say as much to me,
If I should aske a question now of thee,
What if the duke of *Cestus* only sonne,
Which came with me vnto your fathers house,
Should seeke to get *Phylemas* loue from me,

And

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And make thee Dutches of that flate by town,
Wouldst thou not then forsake me for his loue?
Phyle. Not for great *Neptune*, no nor *Ioue* himselfe,
Wil *Phylema* leaue *Aurelius* loue;
Could he instal me Empres of the world,
Or make me Queene and guidris of the heauens;
Yet would I not exchange my loue for his,
Thy company is poore *Phylemas* heauen,
And without thee, heauen were hel to me.

Eme. And should my loue as earst did *Hercules*
Attempt to passe the burning vualtes of hel,
I would with piteous lookes and pleasing words,
As once did *Orpheus* with his harmony,
And rauishing sound of his melodious harpe,
Intreat grim *Pluto* and of him obtaine,
That thou mightst go and safe returne againe.

Phyle. And should my loue as earst *Leander* did,
Attempt to swim the boyling helispont
For *Heros* loue; no towers of brasse should hold
But I would follow thee through those raging foulds,
With lockes disheuered and my brest all bare,
With bended knees vpon *Abidas* shoars,
I would with sackie sighes and bitnish teares,
Importune *Neptune* and the watry Gods,
To send a guard of siluer scaled *Dolphins*,
With sounding *Tritons* to be our conuoy,
And to transport us safe vnto the shore,
Whilst I would hang about thy lovely necke,
Redoubling kisse on kisse vpon thy cheekes,
And with our pastime stil the swelling waves.

Eme. Should *Polixor* as great *Asphile* did,
Only employ himselfe to follow a Queene,
Like to the warlike *Amazonian* Queene,
Penthesilea *Hectors* paramore,
Who

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Who foild the bloody *Pirrhus* murderous Greeke,
Ile thrust my selfe amongst the thickest throngs,
And with my vtmost force asist my loue.

Phyle. Let *Eole* storme: be mild and quiet thou,
Let *Neptune* swel, be *Aurelius* calme and pleased,
I care not I, betide what may betide,
Let fates and fortune do the worst they can,
I recke them not: they not discord with me,
Whilst that my loue and I do wel agree.

Aurel. Sweet *Phylema* bewties minerall,
From whence the sun exhales his glorious shine,
And clad the heauen in thy reflected raies,
And now my liefest loue, the time drawes nie,
That *Himen* mounted in his saffron robe,
Must with his torches waight vpon thy traine,
As *Hellens* brothers on the horned moone,
Now *Iuno* to thy number shal I adde,
The fairest bride that euer marchant had.

Pol. Come faire *Emelia* the priest is gon,
And at the church your father and the rest,
Do stay to see our marriage rites performd,
And knit in sight of heauen this *Gordian* knot,
That teerth of fretting time may nere vntwist,
Then come faire loue and gratulate with me,
This daies content and sweet solemnity. *Exeunt omnes*

Slie. Sim, must they be marreid now?

Lord. I my Lord.

Enter *Ferando* and *Kate* and *Sander*.

Slie. Looke *Sim* the foole is come againe now.

Feran. Sirha, go fetch our horses forth, and bring
Them to the backe gate prsently.

San. I wil sir I warrant you. *Ex. Sander*

Feran. Come *Kate* the moone shines cleere to night
metbinke,

Kate,

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Kate. The moone? why husband you are deceiud,
It is the sun.

Feran. Yet againe, come backe againe, it shal be
The moone ere we come at your fathers.

Kate. Why ile say as you say, it is the moone.

Feran. Iesus saue the glorious moone.

Kate. Iesus saue the glorious moone.

Feran. I am glad *Kate* your stomacke is come downe,
I know it wel thou knowest it is the sun,
But I did trie to see if thou wouldst speake,
And crosse me now as thou hast done before,
And trust me *Kate* hadst thou not namde the moone,
We had gone backe againe as sure as death.
But soft, whose this thats comming here.

Enter the Duke of Cesfus alone

Duke. Thus al alone from *Cesfus* am I come,
And left my princely court and noble traine,
To come to *Athens*, and in this disguise,
To see what course my son *Aurelius* takes,
But stay, heres some it may be trauels thether,
Good sir can you direct me the way to *Athens*?

Ferando speakes to the old man,
Faire louely maide yong and affable,
More cleere of hew and far more beautiful,
Then pretious *Sardonix* or purple rockes,
Of *Amethyst* or glittering *Hiasinthe*,
More amiable far then is the plain,
Where glittering *Cepherus* in silver boures,
Gaseth vpon the Giant *Andromede*,
Sweet *Kate* entertaine this louely woman.

Duke. I thinke the man is mad he calls me a woman.

Kate

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Kate. Faire louely lady, bright and Christal line,
Bewteous and stately as the cie-traind bird,
As glorious as the morning washt with dew,
Within whose eies she takes her dawning beames,
And golden sommer sleepes vpon thy cheekes,
Wrapt vp thy radiations in some cloud,
Least that thy bewty make this stately rowne,
Inhabitable like the burning *Zone*,
With sweet reflections of thy louely face.

Duke. What is she mad to? or is my shape transformd
That both of them perswade me I am a woman,
But they are mad sure, and therefore ile begon,
And leaue their companies for feare of harme,
And vnto Athens hast to seeke my son.

Exit Duke.

Feran. Why so *Kate* this was friendly done of thee,
And kindly too: why thus must we two liue,
One minde, one heart, and one content for both,
This good old man dos thinke that we are mad,
And glad he is I am sure, that he is gon,
But come sweet *Kate*, for we wil after him,
And now perswade him to his shape againe.

Ex. Omnes.

*Enter Alfonso and Phylotus and Valeria,
Polidor, Emelia, Aurelius and Phylema.*

Alfon. Come louely sonnes your marriage rites
Performed,
Lets hie vs home to see what cheere we haue,
I wonder that *Ferando* and his wife
Come not to see this great solemnity.

Pol. No maruel if *Ferando* be away,
His wife I thinke hath troubled so his wits,

F

That

The taming of a Shrew.

That he remaines at home to keepe them warme,
For forward wedlocke as the prouerbe sayes,
Hath brought him to his nightcap long ago.

Phylo. But *Polidor* let my son and you take heed,
That *Ferando* say not ere long as much to you,
And now *Alfonso* more to shew my loue,
If vnto *Cestus* you do send your ships,
My selfe wil fraught them with *Arabian* silkes,
Rich affricke spices, *Arras* counter poynes,
Muske *Cassia*; sweet smelling *Ambergreece*,
Pearle, currol, *Christal*, let, and iuory,
To gratulate the fauors of my son,
And friendly loue that you haue showne to him.

Vale. And for to honor him and this faire bride.

Enter the *Duke of Cestus*.

Ile yeerely send you from my fathers court,
Chests of refine sugar seuerally,
Ten tun of tunis wine, sucker, sweet drugs,
To celebrate and solemnize this day,
And custome free your marchants shal conuerse,
And interchange the profits of your land,
Sending you gold for brasse, siluer for lead,
Casses of silke for packes of wol and cloth,
To bind this friendship and confirme this league.

Duke. I am glad sir that you would be so franke,
Are you become the *Duke of Cestus* son,
And reuels with my treasure in the towne,
Base villaine that thus dishonorest me?

Val. Souns it is the *Duke*, what shal I do?
Dishonour thee why, knowst thou what shou saist?

Duke. Her's no villaine: he wil not know me now,
But what say you? haue you forgot me too?

Phylo. Why sir, are you acquainted with my son?

Duke. With thy son? no trust me if he be thine,

The taming of a Shrew.

I pray you sir who am I?

Aurel. Pardon me father: humbly on my knees,
I do intreat your grace to heare me speake.

Duke. Peace villaine, lay hands on them,
And send them to prison straight.

Phylotus and Valeria runnes away.

Then *Slie* speakes.

Slie. I say weele haue no sending to prison,

Lord. My Lord this is but the play, theyre but in iest.

Slie. I tel thee *Sim* weele haue no sending,
To prison thats flat: why *Sim* am not I *Don Christo Vari*?
Therefore I say they shall not goe to prison.

Lord. No more they shal not my Lord,
They be runne away.

Slie. Are they run away *Sim*? thats wel,
Then gis some more drinke, and let them play againe.

Lord. Here my Lord.

Slie drinckes and then fals a sleepe.

Duke. Ah trecherous boy that durst presume,

To wed thy selfe without thy fathers leaue,

I sweare by faire *Cintheas* burning raies,

By *Merops* head, and by seuen mouthed *Nile*,

Had I but known ere thou hadst wedded her,

Were in thy brest the worlds immortal soule,

This angry sworde should rip thy hateful chest,

And hewd thee smaller then the *Libian* sandes,

Turne hence thy face: oh cruel impious boy,

Alfonso I did not thinke you would presume,

To match your daughter with my princely house,

And nere make me acquainted with the cause.

Alfon. my Lord by heauens I sweare vnto your grace,

I knew none other but *Valeria* your man,

Had bin the *Duke of Cestun* noble son,

The taming of a Shrew.

Nor did my daughter I dare sweate for her.

Duke. That damned villaine that hath deluded me,
Whom I did send for guide vnto my son,
Oh that my furious force could cleaue the earth,
That I might muster bands of hellish feends,
To racke his heart and teare his impious soule.
The ceaselesse turning of celestiall orbes,
Kindles not greater flames in sitting aire,
Then passionate anguish of my raging brest.

Aurel. Then let my death sweet father end your grieffe,
For it is that thus haue wrought your woes,
Then be reuengd on me for here I sweare,
That they are innocent of what I did,
Oh had I charge to cut off *Hydraes* head,
To make the topleesse *Alpes* a champion field,
To kil vnramed monsters with my sword,
To trauel daily in the hottest sun,
And watch in winter when the nights be cold,
I would with gladnes vndertake them all,
And thinke the paine but pleasure that I felt,
So that my noble father at my returne,
Would but forget and pardon my offence.

Phyle. Let me intreat your grace vpon my knees,
To pardon him and let my death discharge
The heauy wrath your grace hath vowd gainst him.

Pol. And good my Lord let vs intreat your grace,
To purge your stomacke of this Melancholy,
Taint not your princely mind with grieffe my Lord,
But pardon and forgite these louers faults,
That kneeling craue your gracious fauor here.

Emel. Great prince of *Cesaw*, let a womans words,
Intreat a pardon in your Lordly brest,
Both for your princely son, and vs my Lord,

Duke. *Aurelius* stand vp I pardon thee,

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I see that vertue will haue enemies,
And fortune will be thwarting honor still,
And you faire virgin too I am content,
To accept you for my daughter since tis don,
And see you princely vnde in *Cestus* court.

Phyle. Thanks good my Lord, and I no longer liue,
Then I obey and honor you in all.

Alfon. Let me giue thanks vnto your royal grace,
For this great honor don to me and mine,
And if your grace wil walke vnto my house,
I wil in humblest maner I can, shew
The eternal seruice I do owe your grace.

Duke. Thanks good *Alfon*, but I came alone,
And not as did beleeue the *Cestian Duke*,
Nor would I haue it knowne within the towne,
That I was here and thus without my traine,
But as I came alone so wil I go,

And leaue my son to solemnise his feast,
And ere't be long he come againe to you,
And do him honor as beleeues the son
Of mighty *Ierobel* the *Cestian Duke*,
Til when he leaue you, Farewel *Aurelius*.

Aurel. Not yet my Lord, he bring you to your ship.

Exeunt Omnes.
He sleepe.

Lord. Whose within there? come hither first my Lords
A sleepe againe: go take him easily vp,
And put him in his own apparel againe,
And lay him in the place where we did find him,
Iust vnderneath the alehouse side below,
But see you wake him not in any case.

Boy. It shalbe don my Lord, come helpe to beare him
hence.

Exit

The taming of a Shrew.

*Enter Ferando, Aurelius and Polidor
and Petruchio, and Valeria and Sander.*

Feran. Come gentlemen now that suppers done,
How shal we spend the time all we go to bed?

Aurel. Faith if you will try trial of our wivies,
Who wil come soonest at their husbands call do I

Pol. Nay then *Ferando* he must needs sit out,
For he may call I thinke till he be weary,
Before his wife wil come before the list.

Feran. Tis wel for you that haue such gentle wivies,
Yet in this trial wil I not sit out,
It may be mine wil come as soone as yours.

Aurel. My wife comes for one hundred pound A

Pol. I take it he lay as much to yours,
That my wife comes as soone as I do send.

Aurel. How now *Ferando*, you dare not lay belike.

Feran. Why true I dare not lay indeed;
But how, so little mony on so sure a thing,

A hundred pound, why I haue bid as much

Vpon my dog, in running at a Deere,

She shal not come so far for such a trifle,

But wil you lay five hundred markes with me,

And whose wife soonest comes when he doth call,

And shewes her selfe most loving vnto him,

Let him inioy the wager I haue laid.

Now what say you? dare you aduenure thus,

Pol. I weare it a thousand pounds I durst presume

On my wivies loy; and I wil lay with thee.

Enter Alfonso.

Alfon. How now sons, what in conference so hard,
May I without offence, know where abouts,

Aurelius

The taming of a Shrew

Aurel. Faith father a waighty cause about your wives,
Five hundred marks already we have laid;
And he whose wife doth shew most love to him,
He must inioy the wager to himselfe.

Alfon. Why then *Ferando* he is sure to lose,
I promise thee son thy wife with hardly come;
And therefore I would not wish thee lay so much;

Feran. Tush father were it ten times more,
I durst adventure on my louely *Kate*,
But if I lose ile pay, and so shal you.

Aurel. Vpon mine honor if I lose *Hephay*.

Pol. And so will I vpon my faith.

Feran. Then sit we down and let vs send for them.

Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I am afraid y will lose.

Aurel. He send for my wife first, *Valeria*,
Go bid your mistress come to me.

Val. I wil my Lord.

Aurel. Now for my hundred pound,
Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
I know I should obtaine it by her loue.

Feran. I pray God you haue not laid too much already.

Aurel. Trust me *Ferando* I am sure you haue,
For you I dare presume haue lost it all.

Enter Valeria againe.

Now sirlia what saies your mistress?

Val. She is something busie but shee le come anon.

Feran. Why so, did not I tel you this before,
She is busie and cannot come.

Aurel. I pray God your wife send you so good an an-
She may be busie, yet she saies shee le come.

Feran. Welvvh *Polidor* send you for your vvife:

Polidor

The taming of a Sbrer.

Pol. Agreed: *Boy* desire your mistress to come hither.

Boy. I will sir. *Ex. Boy*

Feran. I, so so, he desires hir to come.

Alfon. Polidor I dare presume for thee,
I thinke thy wife wil not denie to come,

And I do maruel much *Aurelius*,

That your wife came not when you sent for her.

Enter the *Boy* againe.

Pol. Now, wher is your mistress?

Boy. She bad me tel you that she wil not come,
And you haue any businesse, you must come to hir.

Feran. Oh monstrous intollerable presumption,
Worse then a blasing star, or snow at Midsummer,
Earthquakes or any thing vnseasonable,
She wil not come: but he must come to her.

Pol. Wel sir, I pray you lets heare what
Answere your wife wil make.

Feran. Sir ha, command your mistress to come
To me presently. *Exit Sander.*

Aurel. I thinke my wife for al she did not come,
Wil proue most kind, for now I haue no feare,
For I am sure *Ferandos* wife, she wil not come.

Feran. The mores the pittie, then I must lose.

Enter *Kate* and *Sander*.

But I haue won, for see where *Kate* doth come.

Kate. Sweet husband did you send for me?

Feran. I did my loue, I sent for thee to come,
Come hither *Kate*, whats that vpon thy head.

Kate. Nothing husband but my cap I thinke.

Feran. Pul it off and tread it vnder thy feet,
Tis foolish I wil not haue thee weare it.

She takes off her cap and treads on it.

Polidor

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Pol. Oh wonderful metamorphosis!

Ansl. This is a wonder almost past beleefe.

Feran. This is a token of her true loue to me,

And yet Ile try her further you shall see,

Come hither *Kate* where are thy sisters.

Kate. They be sitting in the bridal chamber.

Feran. Fetch them hither, and if they wil not come,

Bring them perforce and make them come with thee.

Kate. I wil.

Alfon. I promise thee *Ferando* I would haue sworne,
Thy wife would nere haue done so much for thee.

Feran. But you shal see she wil do more then this,
For see where she brings her sisters forth by force.

Enter *Kate* thrusting *Phylema* and *Emelia* before her,
and makes them come vnto their husbands hal,

Kate. See husband, I haue brought them both.

Feran. Tis wel done *Kate*.

Eme. I sure and like a louing peece, your worthy
To haue great praise for this attempt.

Phyle. I for making a soole of her selfe and vs.

Surel. Beshrew thee *Phylema* thou hast
Lost me a hundred pound to night.

For I did lay that thou wouldst first haue come.

Pol. But thou *Emelia* hast lost me a great deale more.

Eme. You might haue kept it better then,
Who bad you lay?

Feran. Now louely *Kate* before their husbands here,
I prethe tel vnto these headstrong women,
What dewty wiues do owe vnto their husbands.

Kate. Then you that liue thus by your pampered wils,
Now list to me, and marke what I shal say,
Th'eternal power that with his only breath,

The taming of a Shrew.

Shal cause this end and this beginning frame,
Not in time, nor before time, but with time, confusd,
For al the course of yeares, of ages, months,
Of seasons temperate, of dayes and houres,
Are tun'd and stopt by measure of his hand,
The first world was, a forme, without a forme,
A heape confusd, a mixture al deformd,
A gulfes of gulfes, a body bodiles,
Where al the elements were orderles,
Before the great commander of the world.
The king of kings the glorious God of heauen,
Who in six daies did frame his heauenly worke,
And made al things to stand in perfect course.
Then to his image he did make a man
Olde *Adam*, and from his side a sleepe
A rib was taken, of which the Lord did make
The woe of man so termd by *Adam* then,
Woman for that, by her came sinne to vs,
And for her sinne was *Adam* doomd to die,
As *Sara* to her husband, so should we,
Obey them, loue them, keepe and nourish them,
If they by any meanes do want our helpes,
Laying our hands vnder their feet to tread,
If that by that, we might procure their ease,
And for a president Ile first begin,
And lay my hand vnder my husbands feet,
She laies her hand vnder her husbands feet.

Feran. Inough sweet, the wager thou hast won,
And they I am sure cannot deny the same.

Alfon. I *Ferando* the wager thou hast won,
And for to shew thee how I am pleas'd in this,
A hundred pounds I freely giue thee more,
Another dowry for another daughter,
For she is not the same she was before.

Feran.

The taming of a Shrew

Ferax. Thankes sweet father, gentlemen godnight,
For *Kate* and *I* wil leaue you for to night,
Tis *Kate* and *I* am wed, and you are sped.
And so farewel, for we wil to our beds.

Exit Ferando, Kate and Sander.

Alfon. Now *Aurelius* what say you to this?

Aurel. Beleeue me father I reioice to see,
Ferando and his wife so louingly agree.

Exit Aurelius and Phylema and

Alfonso and Valeria.

Eme. How now *Polidor* in a dump, what saist thou
man?

Pol. I say thou art a shrew.

Eme. Thats better then a sheepe.

Pol. Well since tis don let it go, come lets in.

Exit Polidor and Emelia.

Then enter two bearing of *Slie* in his
Owne apparel againe, and leaues him
Where they found him, and then goes out:
Then enter the *Tapster.*

Tapster. Now that the darke some night is ouerpast,
And dawning day appeares in cristal skie,
Now must *I* hast abroad: but lost whose this?
What *Slie* oh wondrous hath he laine here al night,
He wake him, I thinke he's starued by this,
But that his belly was so stuf with ale,
What now *Slie*, awake for shame.

Slie. *Sim* gis some more wine: what al the
Plaiers gon: am not I a Lord?

Tapster. A Lord with a murrin: come art thou
drunken stil?

Slie. Whose this? *Tapster*, oh Lord sirra, I haue had
The brauest dreame to night, that euer thou

Hardest

The taming of a Shrew.

Hardest in althy life.

Tapster. I marry but you had best get you home,
For your wife wil courte you for dreaming here to night,

Slie. Wil she? I know now how to tame a shrew,
I dreamt vpon it al this night til now,
And thou hatt wakt me out of the best dreame
That euer I had in my life, but ile to my
Wife presently and tame her too.
And if she anger me,

Tapster. Nay tarry *Slie* for Ile go home with thee,
And heare the rest that thou hast dreamt to night.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.







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